

The Welshman's Praise of Wales :

O R,

Shon ap Morgan's falling in Love with an English Lady in his Journey to London.

3. Dec. 1700.



I'S not come here to tauke of **Putt**,
From whence the **Welle** does take hur Root;
Nor tell long Pedigree of Prince **Camber**,
Whose Linage would fill full a Shamber;
Nor sing the Deeds of old Saint **Davy**,
The Urslip of which would fill a Navy.
But hark ye me now, for a liddel Tales
Sall make great deal to the Credit of **Wales** :
For hur will rudge your Ears,
With the Praise of hur Thirteen Seeres.
And make you as Clad and Merry,
As Fourteen Pot of Perry.

'Tis true was wear him **Shirkin-frieze**,
But what is that : we have store of **Sheize**;
And Got is plenty of Coates-Milk,
That sell him well will buy him Silk
Enough, to make him fine to Quarrel,
At **Heresford** Sizes in new Apparel,
And get him as much green Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a Face to his **Moumouth-Cap**,
But then the Ore of **Lemster**,
By Cot is Uver a Sempster;
That when he is Spun or Did,
Yet match him with her Thrid.

Aull this the Backs now, let us tell ye
Of some Provisions for the Belly;
As **Cid** and **Gott**, and great **Cote's Mother**,
And **Runt** and **Cow** and great **Cows Ather** :
And once but taste on the **Welle Mutton**,
Your **Englis Seeps** not worth a Button.
And then for your **Fisse**, shall shoof it your Dish,
Look but about and there's a **Trout**,
A **Salmon**, **Cox**, or **Cherbin**,
Will feed you Six or Seven,
As Taull Men as ea'er Swagger.
With **Welle Club** and long **Dagger**.

But all this while was never think
A word in praise of our **Welle Drink** :
Yet for aull that, is a Cup of **Bragat**,
Aull **England** Seer may cast his Cap at.
And what you say to **Ale** of **Wesley**,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him Trebley;
As well as **Merbeglin**, or **Syder**, or **Meath**,
Sall take it your **Dagger** quite out o'the Seath.
And **Date Cake** of **Quarbenion**,
With a goodly **Leek** or **Onion**,
To give as sweet a relis,
As e'er did **Harper Ellis**.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Musicks we do miss;
With **Harp** and **Pipes** too, and the **Croud**,
Must aull come in and tauke aloud,
As loud as **Bangu**, **Davy's Bell**,
Of which is no doubt you have hear tell,
As well as our louder **Warran Organ**,
Or rumbling **Rocks** in the Seer of **Glamoorgan**,
Where look but in the Ground here,
And you fall see a Sound there,
That put her all togedder,
Is sweet as **Measure Pedder**.

Of Hur being in Love.

A Modest Shentle when hur see,
The great Laugh hur made on me,
And fine Wink that hur send
To hur, come to see hur Friend;
Hur could not shoof, by Got above,
But was entangle in hur Love.

A hundred a time hur was about
To speak to hur, and leave hur out,
But hur being a **Welleman** porn,
And therefore was think hur would hur scorn
Was fear, hur think nothing petter,
Than cram hur Love into a Letter,
Hoping hur will no Ceptions take
Unto hur Love for Country sake;
For say hur be **Welleman**, what ten?
Py Got, they all be Shentlemen,
Was descend from **Shobes** nown Line,
Par Humane, and par Divine,
And from **Aenus** that fair Goddess,
And Twenty other Shentlepoddies :
Hector Stout, and comely **Paris**,
Arthur Puute, and King of **Fayris**,
Was hur nown Cousins, all a Kin,
We have the **Potwel's Issue** in;
And for ought that hur can see,
As goot Men as other Men pee.
But what of that? Love is a Knave,
Was make hur do what he would have;
Was compel hur write the Rime,
That ne'er was Writ before the time;
And if he will not pity hur Pain,
As Got shudge hur Soul fall ne'er Write again;
For Love is like an **Ague Fit**,
Was brin poor **Welleman** out of hur Wit,
Till by hur Answer hur do know,
Whether hur do Love her, ay or no.
Hur has not been in **England** long,
And canno speak the **Englis Tongue**;
Put hur is hur Friend, and so hur will prove,
Pray a send hur word, if hur can Love.

F I N I S.

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